

# Imaginary Friend

Catatonia

Both born of lust and deceit  
We are lovers who will  
never meet  
Once fate put us in the  
same room  
When you knew not of me  
nor I of you  
Something inside dies

And we don't stand  
up to scrutiny  
But we spin by and by the by  
A great pain finds  
numb haven, humdrum  
And we spin by and by the by  
Something inside dies

Me and my imaginary friend  
Have been going round  
the bend for some time now  
For some time now

And me and Timmy Turd  
Are having trouble being heard  
Through the background hum  
Above the background hum

And me and Barry C are  
going down to Connah's Quay  
For all your Telecaster dreams  
A Telecaster is all you need

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Something inside dies